

DIES IRÆ



NINE ORIGINAL
ENGLISH VERSIONS

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Robert Eden Brown

With the regards of

W. W. Nevin

New York

Sept 28 1895-

✓
DIES IRÆ



NINE ORIGINAL ENGLISH
VERSIONS

BY

W. W. NEVIN, M.A.



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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W. W. NEVIN

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Preface.

[T was many years ago while studying for the law that my attention, in reading the *Dies Iræ*, was arrested by the remarkable amount of legal phraseology used in its few brief lines. Witness as to this: "Teste," "Judex," "Judicanti responsura," "Cuncta stricte," "Judex cum sedebit," "Quem patronum," "Juste judex," "Diem rationis," "Culpa," "Reus," "Gere curam," "Reus judicandus"; and every verse is gloomy with the black imagery and despairing atmosphere of the courtroom. It is a picture of a criminal trial as criminals were tried in the thirteenth century—dismal, hope-

less, hapless. "In curia domini regis, ipse, in propria persona jura decernit."

It is hard for any one not read in the history of criminal jurisprudence adequately to conceive the terrible and hopeless surroundings that environed the unhappy accused put on trial in mediæval times. The king perhaps no longer sat in the *aula regis*, but in his seat there was commonly found the ecclesiastic, clothed by delegation with all his limitless powers, and administering what was then supposed to be justice, with methods of procedure and rules of evidence which the humaner later ages have swept away in righteous wrath. The prisoner at the bar stood alone, without friends, without rights, without a cause, removed from human aid and apparently from human sympathies. The very charge seemed to take him out of this world and throw him on the kinder mercies of the next. In

those methods of trial, indeed, generically known as the *judicium dei*, embracing the ordeal, the serment, the trial by battel, the corsned (the consecrated bread) and others, everything proceeded on the fundamental assumption that the accused was guilty in the eyes of man, and was to be cleared or saved only by the special interference of God. It was conviction or a miracle. Even in the more intelligent and rational procedures, torture was a legitimate part of the machinery of evidence ; the prisoner was not allowed counsel ; a copy of the charge or indictment was not furnished frequently until the moment of trial ; and the final judgment was read in cruel and unusual punishments, burning alive, burying alive, perpetual bondage, confiscation, escheats, attainder of blood, excommunication—the death of the soul. The unborn child was punished in the flesh of its father, and the pre-

sumptuous hand of an earthly tribunal essayed to stretch into the kingdom of heaven and there enforce its pitiless decrees. Often, too, these fearful trials were held in secret, and there was no code or pandect or body of the law open to the many, and for the guidance and protection of all. In many cases there was no appeal or review, and the convicted prisoner was hurried dramatically from the judgment hall to a chamber of execution by torture.

It is hard for us now to conceive of such merciless conditions, but even in later times and under the milder common law of England a prisoner on trial for a capital crime was not so much as allowed counsel. Indeed, this privilege was never fully attained until the reign of William IV., and then by statute. Blackstone, lecturing about 1760, says :
“ Lastly it was an antient practice derived from the

civil law, and which also at this day obtains in the Kingdom of France, that as counsel was not allowed to any prisoner accused of a capital crime, so neither should he be suffered to exculpate himself by the testimony of any witnesses." Even the extraordinary process of alleged reasoning which led to the establishment of such a rule as this is not intelligible to our more humane and juster modes of thought.*

But it was in this barbaric, bloody and revengeful way that these people in the thirteenth century

* A curious survival of this feeling of the extreme hopelessness of a criminal trial exists in certain formula of the law still in use in some parts of this country. In Pennsylvania to this day in the criminal courts the jury is sworn "to well and truly try and a true deliverance make between the commonwealth and the prisoner at the bar." And on a plea of not guilty being entered by the prisoner, the clerk of the court responds, "And may God grant you a safe deliverance." I am aware that the word "deliverance" in this formula is capable of at least one other construction, but its use by the clerk seems to support the construction here adopted.

tried each other, and expected God to try themselves. And in that time, too, the terrible Day of the Lord was earnestly believed to be near at hand, for the period of the fateful "thousand years" was impending.

There is, as a consequence, in old mediæval religious poetry much of the same hopeless dread of the judgment-day and its near approach, as in the *Dies Iræ*. A few brief verses from Walter de Mapes in the twelfth century—himself a judge and an ecclesiastic—in vigor and terse power come so near to the gloomy strength and grandeur of the great "first hymn of the Church," and are so little known, that I may be pardoned for inserting them here, as a kind of illustration. Unfortunately they do not lend themselves well to English translation. Here, too, nearly every word is written in the language of the law :

DE EXTREMO JUDICIO.

Judicabit judices judex generalis,
Ibi nihil proderit dignitas papalis,
Sive sit episcopus sive cardinalis,
Reus condemnabitur nec dicetur qualis.

Ibi nihil proderit quidquid allegare,
Neque vel excipere neque replicare,
Neque ad apostolicam sedem appellare,
Reus condemnabitur nec dicetur quare.

Cogitate, miseri, qui et qualis estis,
Quid in hoc judicio dicere potestis
Ubi nullus codicis locus aut digestis,
Idem erit judex, actor, testis.

In Mapes's quaint *De Nugis Curialium*, chap. I., there occurs this very blunt sub-head, "Assimilatio curiæ regis ad infernum."

Following this conception that the poem is a picture of a trial, I have endeavored in translating,

wherever possible, to render the Latin legal terms by the equivalent terms or formula in use in our land and time, or as nearly as can be. As near as can be, for it is not always easy to find the exact equivalent in English for even Spanish or French legal terms in use at this very hour, and this difficulty increases very greatly in going back six hundred years.

Another rule of translation or conversion—The *Dies Iræ* is largely almost a cento from the Old and New Testaments—mainly from those portions which foretell of the Day of Judgment, or touch on the life and sufferings of Christ on earth. It is a mosaic worked out of fragments from the Psalms, the Apocalypse, the prophets and the gospels. That is one of the secrets of its great power and enduring hold on the human mind. Any one can test this by consulting Zephaniah, i. : 15, 16, 18; Matthew,

xxxv.: 31, etc., xxiv.: 29-31; Joel, i.: 1, 2; Isaiah, xiii.: 9, 10, 11, and 18, 19; Luke, xxi.: 25, 27; II. Peter, iii.: 10, 12; I. Corinthians, xv.: 52; I. Peter, iv.: 18; Revelations, vi.: 12, 17; xx.: 11-13; I. Thessalonians, iv.: 16, 17; Ezra, i.: 6; Job, xlii.: 6; Psalms, xcvi.: 5, 13; St. John, xvii.: 12, iv.: 6; Hebrews, xii.: 2; Daniel, vii.: 10, and the dozens of cognate passages that lead from one to another.

The text of some of these passages as given in the Vulgate quoted on pages 3-5 will show where the writer of the *Dies Iræ* drew his inspiration, and how closely he follows often the literal wording. Thomas of Celano (it was before the time of printing) read these passages in the old Latin texts which finally collected and gathered together have come down to us as the Vulgate edition of the Bible, and wrote his hymn in Latin. It has seemed to me to

be particularly the function of the English translator to reproduce as nearly as possible and as closely as possible where the limitations of the rhymes allow it, these Latin phrases and words in the equivalent English phrases and words taken from the English Scriptures, and for that reason hallowed and dear to the heart, and clothed with a thousand solemn and impressive associations. In other words, as Thomas of Celano followed the Vulgate, I have endeavored to follow him in the St. James's Version of the English Bible.

Further in this same line, scriptural words failing, I have tried to adopt and adapt words or phrases from hymns or prayers common to English faith, and which, consecrated by long use and tender association, have become, as it were, current coins in the exchange of Christian thought and feeling.

W. W. N.

NEW YORK, Sept. 1, 1895.

Dies Itæ

DIES IRÆ.

Dies iræ, dies illa, dies tribulationis et angustię, dies calamitatis et miserię, dies tenebrarum et caliginis, dies tubę et clangoris super civitates munitas et super angulos excelsos.

Zephaniah, c. i., v. 15, 16.

Quia Venit dies Domini, quia propè est. Dies tenebrarum et caliginis dies nubis et turbinis.

Joel, c. ii., v. 1, 2.

Statim autem post tribulationem dierum illorum, sol obscurabitur et luna non debit lumen suum, et stellę cadent de cęlo, et virtutes cęlorum commovebuntur.

Et tunc parebit signum filii hominis in cęlo.: et tunc plangent omnes tribus terrę: et videbunt Filium hominis, venientem in nubibus cęli cum virtute multa et majestate.

Et mittet angelos suos cum tuba et voce magna, et congregabunt electos ejus à quatuor ventis à summis cęlorum usque ad terminos eorum.

Matthew, c. xxiv., v. 29-31.

Et stellæ de cœlo ceciderunt super terram. . . .

Et reges terræ, et principes et tribuni, et divites, et fortes, omnis servus et liber absconderunt se in speluncis, et in petris montium. Et dicunt montibus et petris; "Cadite super nos, et abscondite nos à facie sedentis super thronum et ab ira agni."

Quoniam venit dies magnus iræ ipsorum: et quis poterit stare?

Revelations, c. vi., v. 13-17.

Et vidi thronum magnum candidum, . . .

Et vidi mortuos magnos et pusillos stantes in conspectu throni, et libri aperti sunt; et alius liber apertus est, qui est vitæ; et judicati sunt mortui ex his quæ scripta erant in libris, secundùm opera ipsorum.

Et dedit mare mortuos qui in eo erant; et mors et infernus dederunt mortuos suos.

Revelations, c. xx., v. 11-13.

Canet enim tuba et mortui resurgent incorrupti.

I. Corinthians, c. xv., v. 52.

Cum autem venerit Filius hominis in majestate sua, et omnes angeli cum eo, tunc sedebit super sedem majestatis suæ ;

Et congregabuntur ante eum omnes gentes, et separabit eos ab invicem, sicut pastor segregat oves ab hædis :

Et statuet oves quidem a dextris suis, hædos autem à sinistris.

Tunc dicet rex his, qui à dextris ejus erunt, “ Venite benedicti Patris mei, possidete paratum vobis regnum à constitutione mundi. . . .”

Tunc dicet et his qui à sinistris erunt, “ Discedite à me maledicti in ignem æternum qui paratus est diabolo et angelis ejus.”

Matthew, c. xxv., v. 31, 34, 41.

Dies Iræ.

1. **D**IES iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla ;
Teste David cum Sibylla.
2. Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
3. Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulcra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.
4. Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

-
5. Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
 6. Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.
 7. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Quum vix justus sit securus.
 8. Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me fons pietatis.
 9. Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ ;
Ne me perdas illa die.

10. Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus ;
Tantus labor non sit cassus.
11. Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
12. Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus :
Supplicanti parce Deus.
13. Qui Mariam absolvisti
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
14. Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
Sed tu bonus fac benigne,
Ne perenni cremer igne.

-
15. Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.
16. Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis ;
Voca me cum benedictis.
17. Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum, quasi cinis :
Gere curam mei finis.
18. Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla,
Judicandus homo reus.
19. Huic ergo parce Deus !
Pie Jesu Domine !
Dona eis requiem. AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

I.

1. **O**H Day of prophecy appalling,
When the stars from Heaven are
falling
And Kings upon the rocks are calling,

2. To fall and hide them as the rending
Heavens disclose the Judge descending
And the world in wrath is ending.

3. Blasts shall burst through ages swelling
Where the silent dead are dwelling,
All before the Bar compelling.

-
4. Nature and Death stand pallid, fearing
At the Creature reappearing
To answer at the final hearing.
 5. Lo ! the seal'd Book of Revelation,
Record from the first creation,
Borne forth now for condemnation.
 6. God the fatal scrolls unsealing,
All the sins of time revealing,
Judgment to the world is dealing.
 7. Where turn I in consternation,
When e'en the just in tribulation
Trembling face the dread citation ?
 8. King of most majestic station,
Fount of grace and mediation,
Save me, with thy free salvation.

9. Oh recall to my defending,
Thou for me to earth descending,
Lose me not when time is ending.
10. Thou for me to earth once hasted,
Bitter death for me once tasted,
Can such toil and love be wasted?
11. Righteous is Thy condemnation,
But, Lord, recall Thy mediation
Ere the last adjudication.
12. Crimson in my shame, and groaning,
All my conscious frailties owning,
Spare, oh God, the suppliant moaning.
13. With frail Mary tossed and driven,
With the thief on Calvary shriven,
I have hope to be forgiven.

-
14. Worthless all my tears and crying,
Save on Thy free grace relying
I perish in the fires undying.
- 15-16. When the fatal valediction
Dooms the lost to dire affliction
Grant me, then, Thy benediction.
17. Prone I fall when Doom's-day crashes,
I repent in dust and ashes,
Take my cause when judgment flashes.
18. Oh that Day of tears and wailing,
When the arisen soul stands failing,
Spare him God—Thy peace unveiling ;
19. And as fades this life diurnal
Grant him in that hour supernal
Sweet rest in the Light eternal.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

II.

1. **O**H Day of Weeping and of Wailing,
The firmament in ashes failing,
All the signs foretold unveiling.

2. Oh what terror and what trembling,
When a summoned world assembling
Sees the end of all dissembling ;

3. And the last trumpet's awful calling
Wakes the dead—and leads them falling
To the Judgment Bar appalling.

-
4. Nature with pale Death is blending,
When is seen all flesh ascending
At the resistless call attending.
 5. Open lies the Book of Ages
In whose dread recording pages
Every thought shall read its wages.
 6. Lo ! in the air our God descending,
Stern the veil of judgment rending
Shows the wrath to come, unending.
 7. Oh what plea shall I then tender,
Cry to whom as my defender,
Scarce the just a prayer may render ?
 8. Dread King of Majesty and glory,
Whose dying is the world's great story,
Forget not that free offertory.

9. Oh be mindful, my salvation,
Jesus caused Thy tribulation,
Remember now that great oblation.
10. Wearily through life Thou sought me,
Bitterly in death Thou bought me,
Can that life and death for nought be?
11. Judge of righteous reparation,
Grant Thy gracious condonation
Ere the day of last citation.
12. In crimsoned shame my frailties moaning,
Wretched, sinful, guilty, groaning,
Spare me by Thy grace atoning.
13. Thou that consoled Mary sighing
And heard the thief repentant dying,
On Thee my hopes are all relying.

-
14. In vain all mortal supplication,
Unless thou grant me free salvation
I perish in the last damnation.
15. Oh when Heaven and Earth dissever,
With the lost condemn me never,
But, at Thy right hand forever,
16. Let me stand in pastures vernal,
While the doomed in depths infernal
Writhe in fire and flames eternal.
17. My heart I lay with deep contrition
In the ashes of submission,
Let my last end be Thy commission.
18. Dark Day of tears and desolation,
When man in guilty trepidation
Awaits his righteous condemnation,

19. Oh Lord, then by Thine arms surrounded,
Trusting in Thy love unbounded,
Let him never be confounded.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

III.

1. **D**AY of Wrath—that Day of Wailing
When the sun and stars are paling,—
Day when heart and flesh are failing.

2. Wide the shaking earth is rending,
When from Heaven the Judge descending,
Strict account on all is sending.

3. Lo! the last trumpet's sounds are flinging,
Through the under regions ringing,
All before the white throne bringing.

4. Nature cowers with faint and quiver,
When in a weird spectral river
Death and Hell their dead deliver.

5. See the judgment scrolls unrolling ;
For all souls their doom controlling,
Hear the knells of judgment tolling.

6. God the Judge enclad in splendor,
Comes to each his works to render,
Searching to the last offender.

7. What my plea that Day appalling ?
On what Intercessor calling ?
E'en the just have fear of falling.

8. King of bright transcendant glory,
Lamb of sacrificial story,
Afford Thy grace expiatory.

-
9. Oh remember, Lord, Thy buying,—
I have caused Thy crucifying,
Leave me not when time is dying.
10. Weary by the well Thou sought me,
On the tree of death Thou bought me,
Can such labor all for nought be?
11. Judge of strict determination,
Grant thy gracious expiation,
Ere the final condemnation.
12. Like a culprit pale I shiver,
With the blood of shame I quiver,
Lord, my suppliant soul deliver.
13. By Māgdalen's absolved transgression,
By the dying thief's confession,
My trust is Thy intercession.

14. Vain my prayers and lamentation ;
Unless Thy free mediation,
For me the endless conflagration.
15. Oh when earth and time are ending,
The pale lost to death descending,
And the blest to heaven ascending,
16. Save me from the doom impending ;
And, my helpless cause befriending,
Take me to Thy peace unending.
17. Prone I pray in sore dejection,
Gracious Lord, be my protection
In the Hour of resurrection.
18. Oh Day of direful desolation,
When Man in guilty isolation
Stands in pallid consternation,

19. Spare him, God, the undefended,
And by legions bright attended
Grant him rest when time has ended.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

IV.

1. DAY of Wrath—the world illuming,
Earth and sky in flame consuming,
Dark though seer and sibyl looming.

2. Oh, what terror, tears and quaking
When the Judge his dread throne taking
Shall arraign a world awaking.

3. At the trumpet's awful rending,
Tongues and tribes in troops unending
Throng from riven graves ascending.

4. Death shall start and nature paling
When all flesh ariseth, quailing
At the summons earth unveiling.
5. Forth is borne the record fated,
Naught forgotten—naught abated,
For the world with judgment freighted.
6. God the judgment-seat ascending,
Silence now forever ending,
Vengeance on a world is sending.
7. Where shall I stand, lost offender,
Whither look for a defender,
Scarce the just a plea dare tender?
8. King of Majesty tremendous,
Thou whose grace did erst defend us,
Save me—Christ deliverance send us.

9. Jesus ! now to mind be calling
Earth, lest I defenceless falling,
Perish in that Day appalling.
10. Thou hast borne the Cross's pressure,
For me suffered without measure,
Is it vain—that bloody treasure ?
11. God, impartial judgment wielding,
Pardon grant the sinner shielding
Ere the world account is yielding.
12. Guilty groans from dust ascending,
Shame and fears their colors blending—
Spare, oh God, the suppliant bending.
13. Thou that bearest Mary's burden,
With the thief that breasted Jordan
Givest my faith a hope of guerdon.

-
14. Worthless all my poor petition,
Let Thy goodness have fruition,
That I burn not through perdition.
15. With the cursed consign me never,
But may I, when earth shall sever,
Stand at Thy right hand forever.
16. When the lost with horror shaken,
Are to flames and fire forsaken,
Let me to Thine arms be taken.
17. Crushed I cry—in anguish bending,
Sighs in sorest sorrow sending.
Take my cause when time is ending.
18. Oh tearful Day, when wrath ascendant
Man for sentence stands attendant,
Spare him, God—the lone defendant.

19. And when heart and flesh are failing,
By the bitter cross' impaling,
Grant him safe—Thy rest unveiling.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

V.

1. DAY of Wrath when hearts shall fail,
 When the powers of hell assail,
As the Seer and Sibyl wail.

2. Oh, what terror to awake
 And for all strict answer make,
When the Judge his throne shall take.

3. Through the regions of the dead
 Blare and peal the trumpets dread,
As to the Bar all souls are led.

4. Death and life in dumb surprise
See the æons all arise,
Rangéd at the last assize.
5. Forth is borne the fatal scroll,
—See the sins of time unroll—
Every word a dying soul.
6. Jehovah takes his awful seat,
—The avenging record all complete—
Judgment to the world to mete.
7. Where shall I stand in that hour?
Look to what supporting power?
O'er the just the heavens lour.
8. King of dreadful majesty,
King that died on Calvary,
King of pity—save Thou me.

-
9. Lord, my soul forget not then ;
Oh remember, Jesus, when
Thou came down to die for men.
10. All for me Thou walked this vale,
All for me the spear and nail ;
Shall such travail naught avail ?
11. Judge of justice just and fit,
Mercifully my sin remit
Ere is closed the final writ.
12. In my face my doings stare,
And crush my heart in deep despair,
Lord, the crimsoned suppliant spare.
13. By forgiven Mary's grief,
By the pardoned dying thief,
I have hope of last relief.

14. Vain all prayers and cries and tears ;
Unless mercy free appears,
I perish through the eternal years.

15-16. When fly the blest where nothing harms
And sink the lost to dark alarms,
Fold me in Thy sheltering arms.

17. Low my heart lies in the dust,
Take me, Jesus,—with the just,
In the End be Thou my trust.

18. Oh that hour when from the gloom
And darkness of the æonial tomb
Man rises naked to his doom,

19. Spare him, God, in that inquest
And in the regions of the blest
Grant him at last eternal rest.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

VI.

1. DAY of Wrath, that doleful day,
 When the Earth shall melt away,
David and the Sibyl say.

2. Lo! the trembling Heavens rend,
 See the Judge of all descend,
 See the coming of the End.

3. At the trumpets clangor dread,
 From far graves and lands are led,
 To the Bar, the quick and dead.

4. Nature reels in blanched surprise
When the sheeted dead arise
And falter to the last assize.
5. Forth the fatal scroll is borne,
Dread Record of the Judgment morn,
Unveiling thoughts and deeds unborn.
6. Earth's dark secrets all lie bare,
When, enthronèd in the air,
God His judgments shall declare.
7. Wretched, lone, what then my rede,
Who for me shall intercede ?
Scarce the righteous dare to plead.
8. King of awful majesty,
Saving men in mercy free,
Fount of pity—save Thou me.

9. Oh be mindful, Jesus, pray,
Of the Cross's bitter way,
Nor forget me in that day.
10. Me, through weary life Thou sought,
Me, upon the cross Thou bought,
Can such labor be for naught?
11. Judge that shall just judgment deal,
Mercifully Thy grace reveal,
Ere the Day without appeal.
12. Low, with crimsoned face I groan,
All my evil doings own,
Hear, oh God, the suppliant prone.
13. By repentant Mary's sighs,
By the thief in Paradise,
I have hope with them to rise.

14. Vain my prayers, my tears, my cries,
If His mercy God denies,
For me, the worm that never dies.
- 15-16. When the sheep and goats divide,
When the flaming gulf yawns wide,
Hold me to Thy sheltering side.
17. Crushed in heart I humbly bend,
To the dust my face I send,
Lord, be Thou my final friend.
18. Day of wrath and dolorous tears,
When in dire resurgent fears,
From the clay the man appears,
19. Spare him, God, when ages quake,
And vouchsafe, for Jesus' sake,
At the last his soul to take.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

VII.

1. **O**H Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
The heavens in fire shall flame away,
So David and the Sibyl say.

2. Earth trembles like the beat of drums
When God the Judge to judgment comes
And the fatal balance sums.

3. Lo, at the trumpet's awful sound,
Through the dark regions underground,
All flesh before the Bar is found.

4. Pale nature faints, death shall be dumb
As down the ages' lengthening sum
The failing souls to judgment come.
5. When forth the fateful roll is brought,
Into which all the world is wrought,
Abated aught—forgotten nought ;
6. Then God shall mount the great white
throne,
The world its inmost secrets own,
And all things hidden shall be known.
7. How, then, pray I, in sin enslaved,
Plead through whom for mercy craved,
When scarce the righteous shall be saved ?
8. Terrible King of Majesty,
Who savest the saved by grace and free,
Fount of Mercy—save Thou me.

9. Oh remember, Saviour, pray,
For whom Thou trod Earth's bitter way,
Nor once forsake me in that Day.
10. For me thou lived life's weary drain,
For me was borne the Cross's pain,
Can all such labor be in vain?
11. Just Judge must strict account begin?
For Jesus' sake remit my sin
Ere comes the Day of Reckoning in.
12. Oh my God, I am ashamed,
And blush to hear my frailties named,
My countenance in the dust is framed.
13. Oh Thou that quenched Mary's grief,
And heard in death the dying thief,
Thou art my hope of sure relief.

14. Worthless and vain my tears and cries,
If God the judge free grace denies,
My soul in endless torment dies.
- 15-16. When the pale lost implore in vain
And sink where Hell and horror reign,
Close to Thy side let me remain.
17. Prone and with bruised heart I fain
Would cry, Lord, be my stay, and deign
To take my cause when time shall wane.
18. Dark Day of Wrath—that tearful Day,
When man arises from the clay,
—Oh Miserere Domine—
19. Lord, let him enter by the pain
And passion of a Saviour slain,
The rest that for us doth remain.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

VIII.

1. **O**H Day of Wrath—that dread Last Day,
When earth to ashes flames away
So David and the Sibyl say.

2. What trembling pale—what terror dumb,
When the approaching Judge shall come,
The length'ning crimes of life to sum.

3. Trumpets thundering worse than war,
Rending tombs and graves afar,
Shall compel all to the Bar.

4. Nature and death shall quail in gloom,
When man must leave his hiding tomb
To answer at the bar of doom.
5. Then the scroll shall forth be brought,
Dread record that omitteth nought,
For all the world with judgment fraught.
6. Oh when our God shall take His throne,
All that is hidden shall be shown,
And nothing shall remain unknown.
7. What then shall I poor sinner say,
On what support my safety stay,
When scarce the saints shall dare to pray?
8. Great King of awful Majesty,
Who savest the world by Mercy free,
Fountain of grace—My Saviour be.

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9. Oh remember, Jesus, pray,
For whom Thou trod the bitter way,
Him spare in that defenceless day.
10. For me thou bore life's weary strain,
For me the Cross's bitter pain,
Is labor such for me in vain ?
11. Just Judge—thine arm avenging stay,
Pardon before shall come that Day,
When Thou the accounts of earth shall
weigh.
12. Low in the dust, contrite I groan,
With conscious flush my guilt I own,
Spare, Oh God, the suppliant prone.
13. Thou that lifted Mary's grief,
Thou that heard the dying thief,
Grant me in that hour relief !

14. Worthless my prayers and poor desires,
Have mercy or my soul expires,
Through ages in the quenchless fires.
- 15-16. When the pale lost depart to doom,
Where only flames light up the gloom,
At Thy right hand afford me room.
17. With suppliant heart, contrite I bend,
Lord, take the cause of my last end,
And in that Hour be Thou my friend.
18. Oh Day of Wrath—that fatal Day,
When comes to judgment sinful clay,
Spare him, Oh God, we faintly pray,
19. And for sake of Jesus deign
Surcease of eternal pain,
And Rest that is eternal gain.

AMEN.

Dies Iræ.

IX.

1. **O**H Day of Wrath—that awful Day,
When Heaven and earth shall glow
away,
As David and the Sibyl say.

2. Oh what trembling and what tears,
When the final Judge appears,
To call the record of the years.

3. Loud shall sound the trumpet dread,
As the pale armies of the dead,
To the judgment Bar are led.

4. Nature shall faint, and tremble death,
When the dead retake their breath,
And each to God his answer saith.

5. Then the dread book shall be unsealed,
Whose pages are the judgment field,
Nought forgotten—nought concealed.

6. When the Judge ascends his throne,
The hidden things shall all be known,
And every deed in judgment groan.

7. How then shall I plead, naked, poor,
What Intercessor then secure,
When even the saints may not be sure ?

8. Oh King of Dreadful Majesty,
Lifted in Crucifixion free,
Fount of free grace—deliver me.

9. Oh remember, Jesus, pray,
I am the cause of Thy lone way,
Forget me not in that Great Day.
10. Me—through a weary world Thou sought,
Me—on the bitter cross Thou brought,
Can travail such in vain be wrought?
11. Judge of strict reckoning, hear my cries,
And pardon grant, ere mercy dies,
When comes the day of last assize.
12. Oh, God, I bend in grief and shame,
My sins my guilty face inflame,
The suppliant spare in Jesus' name.
13. Thou that forgavest Mary's fall,
And heard the dying thief's faint call,
Thou art my hope, my faith, my all.

14. All my prayers and cries are vain ;
If thou refuse Thy grace to deign,
I perish in eternal pain.

15-16. When the lost forever banned,
Depart to gloom, oh let me stand,
Forever saved, at Thy right hand.

17. Low in the dust I groan and start,
With bruised head and contrite heart,
Lord—in that End take Thou my part.

18. Oh tearful Day of wrath and gloom,
When from the clay and sheltering tomb
Man trembles at the bar of doom,

19. Oh Lord, then keep him with the blest,
Enfold him safe on Jesus' breast,
And lead him to eternal rest.

AMEN.

